
Title: Nimrodel

Author: Galadriel

An Elven-maid there
was of old,
A shining star by day;
Her mantle white was
hemmed with gold,
Her shoes of
silver-grey.

A star was bound upon
her brows,
A light was on her
hair
As sun upon the
golden boughs
In Lorien the fair.

Her hair was long,
her limbs were white,
And fair she was and
free;
And in the wind she
went as light
As leaf of
Linden-tree.
Beside the falls of
Nimrodel,
By water clear and
cool,
Her voice as falling
silver fell
Into the shining pool.

Where now she
wanders none can tell,
In sunlight or in
shade;
For lost of yore was
Nimrodel
And in the mountins
strayed.